

THE SENATOR'S DAUGHTER.

A SMALL GOLD BOX.

On the evening of the first of March, year of grace one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, Mr. Webster Wanlee had passed several hours in the examination of a rather elaborate toilet. Taking up his pen he placed himself before mirror and seriously surveyed the results of his patient art.

The effort appeared to give him satisfaction. In the glass he beheld a slender young man of thirty, something under life in form, statue, faultlessly attired in evening dress. The face was a perfect oval, the complexion delicate, the features refined. The high cheek bones and a slight elevation of the outer corners of the eyes, the site it seems to me which dressed a shoulder, but mysterious enough to be the light of the moon. The air patinated with music, for every flower in the dove overhead gave utterance to the notes which heralded in the Conservatoire at Paris, was sending across the Atlantic from the vibrant lips of his *bébé*.

The friends had hardly reached the centre of the room where the hydroelectric fountain threw aloft its jet of blinding water, and where two opposite streams of promenaders from the north and the south wings of the Capitol met, when Wanlee, in a study of politico humanity, before Mr. Walsingham Brown was seized and led off captive by some of his Washington acquaintances.

A soft distinct murmur filling the room, yet apparently from no particular quarter, now attracted Mr. Wanlee's attention. He at once recognized the voice of his friend, Mr. Walsingham Brown.

"How are we off to-night, old fellow?"

"It's getting late," replied Mr. Wanlee, without turning his face from the mirror. "You had better come over directly."

In a very few minutes the curtains at the entrance to Mr. Wanlee's apartments were unmercifully pulled open, and Mr. Walsingham Brown strolled in. The two friends cordially shook hands.

"How is the honorable member from the Los Angeles district?" inquired the new comer gayly. "And what is there now in Washington society? Prepared to conquer to-night? I see what's all this? Red ribbons and Rose-red silk hose! Ah, Wanlee, I thought you had outgrown these frivolities!"

The faintest possible blush appeared on Mr. Daniel Webster Wanlee's cheeks. "It is cool to-night," he asked, changing the subject.

"Internally cold," replied his friend, "I wonder you have no snow here. It is snowing hard in New York. There were at least three inches on the ground just now when I took the Pharmaceutical."

"Put an easy chair up to the thermo-electrode," said the Mongolian. "You must point if you expect to walk through the mud."

Mr. Walsingham Brown pushed a comfortable chair toward a sphere of shining platinum that stood on a crystal pedestal in the centre of the room. He pressed a silver button at the base, and the metal globe began to glow incandescent.

"I have been expecting you this eve," said the girl, leading out her hand to Wanlee. "I am delighted that you have come."

"Thank you, Miss Newton," said Wanlee.

"You may notice, Francesco," she continued, turning to the young man who had just been her partner. "I shall not need you again."

The young man addressed as Francesco bowed respectfully and departed without a word.

"Let us not lose this lovely waltz," said Miss Newton, putting her hand upon Wanlee's shoulder. "It will be my first this evening."

"Then you have not danced?" asked Wanlee, as they glided off together.

"No, Daniel," said Miss Newton. "I haven't danced with any gentleman."

The Mongolian thanked her with a smile,

"I have made good use of Francesco, however," she went on. "What a blessing a competent professional partner is! Only think, our grandmothers, and even our mothers, were obliged to sit dimly around the walls waiting the pleasure of their high and mighty!"

She paused suddenly, for a shade of annoyance had fallen upon her partner's face. "Forgive me," she whispered, her head almost upon his shoulder. "Forgive me if I have wounded you. You know, love, that I would not—"

"I know it," he interrupted. "You are too good and too modest to make me jealous."

"The young man's countenance brightened again, and he turned to his partner again.

"I am sorry to think that my mother and my grandmother were not accustomed to meet your mother and your grandmother in society—for the very excellent reason," he continued, with little bitterness in his tone, "that my mother had her hands full in my father's laundry in San Francisco, while my grandmother's social circle had already extended beyond the cabin of our ancestral ship on the Yang-tee-kiang. You don't care for that. But there are others—"

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